

unusually loquacious, "I was thinking of taking you both, boy and girl, along with me. "I guess I'll wait now till Louis comes home."

"But what am I to do?"

"Your dooty," said Uncle Roberts.

He smoked for quite five minutes without a word, to let this recommendation sink into Jeanne's understanding.

"You wrote me, awhile back, when your aunt was took, poor soul (ready or unready, I'd be sorry to say which, nor it ain't for any one to say), you wrote me you'd settled with her man of business that 'twas your dooty to stop and take care of Louis' house and furniture for him."

"Yes, I did," said Jeanne.

"And I sent you a post-card—not being so ready with my pen, nor so free with my stamps, as some," said Uncle Roberts pointedly, "and I said, 'Dear Jenny, so be it,' or words to that effect."

"Yes," said Jeanne, and she stifled an hysterical laugh.

"If 'twas your dooty to stop then, 'tis your dooty to stop now," said Uncle Roberts, decidedly.

"But if people call on me——"

"Well, what harm can they do?"

"A—a cousin of Miss Marney's has called upon me," faltered Jeanne, "and Dunham, my aunt's maid, thinks he ought not to come because I'm alone. He has only been once. But he—he might come again."

"Ain't he respectable?"

Jeanne hesitated imperceptibly.

She felt that if she mentioned that Miss Marney's cousin was a duke, her Uncle Roberts might once and for all declare that his respectability was very improbable. With burning cheeks and downcast eyes, she suppressed the dukedom.

"He is *most* respectable," she said firmly. "A very quiet young man, and—and *lame*."

"Does she think I haven't brought you up to know how to take care of yourself"—he said, with rising wrath—"the